BOOKS.

Two Trained Observers Who Were Inside Battle Lines When Action Developed Tell Political Story-Experiences of a Newspaper Woman-Helen Keller Diary.

By Mary-Carter Roberts. THE 168 DAYS. By Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge. New York:

Doubleday Doran & Co. AVING read this book, the reviewer is of the opinion that, short of the realm of fable and satire, there are few more delightfully revealing accounts of the true nature of politics. It is the story of the fight over the President's late plan to enlarge the Supreme Court, told with magnificent detachment and picturesque detail, and it has not only the intrinsic claim to attention which the importance of that fight gives it; it is immensely entertaining, too. The authors—two Washington correspondents-have not attempted to give irony to their devastating story, to be sure. They have simply set the story down and let it speak for itself. But-how it speaks! It should be made required reading for all youths and maidens who dream Wide-eved of statesmanship as a career, and for all patriots who think to serve their country by the use of idealism. What funny stuff it is, to be sure!

The authors, with commendable fairness, first set the scene by describing what they conceive to be the need of the country for social legislation, and point out that the action of the Supreme Court in repealing the N. R. A., the A. A. A. and so on, gave those interested in social legislation some real reason to expect that the Justices would continue to be hostile to measures of a similar nature. Thus court-packing bill-or such justification as could be found.

The scene then moves to the White on the court measure. House during the days of the bill's preparation. Just what the sources of the authors' information are the book does not state, but clearly they battle which Senator Robinson finally have been both intimate and abun- put up to save his leader's ill-advised dant. The picture of the President's legislation. The Senator had been are rubber-stamping him, and your personal interest in the bill, his close treated with the utmost shabbiness by attention to it, his changing moods the man whom he so loyally supported, as regarded the strategy of its intro- say the authors, remarking that "toduction—these aspects of the subject ward Robinson the President and his are treated in almost a day-by-day advisers behaved as if they were a fashion. As the writers present them newly rich family, ashamed to allow a they show the bill to have been a shabby poor relation to dine with them revenge measure, pure and simple. If in public." But when the full force we are to believe this book, the Presi- of the public indignation at the court dent lavished eager and tirelessly bill finally penetrated the President's close thought on this measure be- armor of complacence it was to Robcause he saw it as a means for wreak- inson that he had to turn for practical ing personal vengeance on the legis- assistance. The picture of the ill man, The reviewer, however, finds it the lative body which had dared to fighting savagely for a bill in which he thwart his favored plans. In this had no confidence, which indeed he spirit the whole bill was written, for, personally loathed, hastening his death say the authors, the bright young by his efforts in the curious endeavor. men who surround him and who did is a classic. And a nice high light on the actual writing, were too sycophan- that picture lies in the circumstance tish by far to tell the Executive that, while the Senator labored like a those possible consequences which a very Hercules, the bright young men of less personal view of the legislation the White House, relieved of responsi-

sort of ivory tower during this forth he would be deprived of his period, a tower in which a success- promised Supreme Court appointment. intoxicated man planned and schemed | Sweet, indeed, are the uses of politics! so to alter the traditional structure rather than of the founders, utterly forgesful of the fact that he had been elected by people to represent them and interpreting his place there as indicative that the people would support him no matter what he did. The authors relate indeed that Mr. Roosevelt at this time often repeated the words: "The people are with me I know it." He made this statement, to his advisers, his lieutenants, his in the national annals. wavering supporters, any one who would listen." He was quite forgetful, hardly be improved. The authors have apparently, that the platform on set down an immense amount of inwhich the people had elected him formation and most of it is the offcontained no word about a court- the-record sort, such matter as could packing plan. Moreover, says the not be gathered from any formal refriend up to that time, for, by re- these pealing the N. R. A., it had saved his provided they are done with the same disaster. But, as these writers see it, sensationalism. Mr. Roosevelt was quite cut off from reality by this time through the re- ASSIGNED TO ADVENTURE. By action of his own nature to his success. He believed that the people must hold him infallible. Quite possibly he thought that he was so him-

at work in the days of the preparation great many big moments. Now she of the court bill is certainly not a writes her autobiography. She is reassuring one as these authors pre-Nor can the surroundings in which that mind is set seem particularly wholesome, if one views them his life story. There is absolutely no from a standpoint of democratic trudition, for, if we are to believe the writers of this book, the President tolerates no advice that is not tempered strongly with agreement and submission. By this means, diey tell us, he cut himself off from the counsel of the practical leaders of his party, who might have warned him of the certain popular rejection of his measure. Such men-notably Senator Robinson-were snubbed and ignored, as lacking the higher social vision, as being mere politicians. And short, as cutely as she would talk, so alone, save for the agreeing chorus forgetting apparently that nobody in of his bright young appointees, and a lifetime will ever have to listen to actuated by hatred and revenge, the Executive of the United States set brokenly, and that what is amusing about to destroy the country's highest for a little while can become destribunal. No, there is nothing particularly comforting in the picture.

This unlovely scene gives way, however, to the heartiest sort of comedy, and that very shortly. For when the authors begin to describe the machinations of the two parties in Congressthe supporters and opposers of the bill-they have much more entertaining material to deal with. The record there simply bristles with absurdity.

ONE particularly diverting incident relates to the preparation of amendments by the opposition, these amendments to be used for the purposes of filibuster. A "flying squadron" of the Bar Association, says the book, met at the Mayflower to prepare the proposals. The "squadron" was composed of very young lawyers who and a timper loike a thundershower were naively anxious to show their at noon. In other words, she lays it ability; they supposed "that an amendment should be a clearly worded. strictly constitutional and wholly serious alteration of the legislation. They had been ordered to prepare about 200. After a day and a half they had completed exactly 15 proposals and were at their wits' ends. They could think of no more. They called on Senator Bailey for help and he promptly gave them "a lesson in the processes of democracy.'

As the book relates it, he took up edition of the Chicago Tribune, she the bill, turned to the section limiting went out to China and Japan and the enlargement of the court to 15, and | Honolulu, and she worked on papers

spoke thus:



IRENE KUHN. Who is known as a fine newspaper "man." Her biography, "Assigned to Adventure," has just been published. (Lippin-

\* \* Under the popping eyes of his visitors he rattled off nearly 50 amendments in less than 2 hours." The young lawyers soon got the idea. They rushed off and set to work with such results that they were able to bring 125 amendments to the Capitol there is included a justification for the the next morning. The story is typical of much of the ridiculous and undignified conduct which went into the fight

THE narrative strikes a dramatic bility, visited constant threats on him that if he failed to put over the meas-THE White House indeed shows as a ure which they had so airily brought

of our Government as to make it ing a hero than any other character in sent her, and if He takes her, His the record. When he had died—and the authors claim directly that he hastened his death by his labors for the bill that hot summer—the action passed to the practical hands of Vice President Garner, whose only concern was to save the Democratic party from complete disruption. He promptly conceded defeat and told Senator Wheeler to "write his own ticket." And the court-packing plan became say the authors, "over and over again, history, certainly not a bright chapter

The story, as written here, could book, the court had actually been his porting. There should be more of behind-the-scenes accounts first administration from a major detachment and absence of deliberate

> Irene Kuhn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE author of this book is a newspaper woman who has gotten around. She has traveled over most The picture of the Executive mind of the world and has been in at a in excellent tradition in doing it, for almost every male reporter of any repute has in recent months published reason why the women should not write their records, too. But if in doing so they follow the method used by Mrs. Kuhn it is to be hoped that they decide in favor of reticence.

> For, though she has a good story to tell and though she is a practiced writer, in writing her autobiography she commits an error which seems almost inescapable by women when they attempt to put themselves on paper. That is, she tries to write with charm. The tries to write, in 400 pages of her conversation unperately monotonous when carried to lengths, and-worse-screamingly obvious. It is too bad. The reviewer is so much a believer in women as equals of men that she has resolutely refused, all her life, to join any feminist organization, holding such endeavors as beneath her dignity as a human being. But, by that very token, she maintains that a working woman

> should do her work impersonally Mrs. Kuhn has not done so. She is simply cuter than a bag of tricks. She is a little Irish gal, and she tells us so, right off on her second page. More, she puts it so that we gather that she is a swate colleen wid the loight of Erin in her oles and a warm, trustin', lovin' heart

on. The reviewer felt a sort of ground swell sensation right there and moaned: "Why will they do it?" But the whole of Mrs. Kuhn's adventures seems to be in this-that she did do it. She got around, as said, and everywhere she went they thought

she was cuite. So, she must have been cute. Well, this is the cute tale of her cuteness.

She worked on the New York World-Telegram, she worked on the Paris there. She saw all the big sights, such "Strike out the word fifteen and as post-war Europe in its economic insert in lieu thereof the word four- madness and its artistic dadaism, and teen. Take another. Strike out the the attack on Shanghai and the tidal word fifteen and insert in lieu thereof wave at Hilo. What she saw she the word thirteen. Take another, turned into copy, and now she retells Strike the word fifteen and insert in it here. Her mind, one would judge, lieu thereof the word twelve.' is shrewd to an extraordinary degree.

Well, there is no use prolonging it Her book is the story of adventure, as its title indicates; but it is told in rubber-stamp terms. Nobody reading it can doubt that its author was a good scout. She is probably a good writer, too, for column lengths. Even so, the reviewer expects her book to sell well There is a large section of the public which will find it refreshing and delightful.

THESE FOREIGNERS. By William Seabrook. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co.

MR. WILLIAM SEABROOK, having diverted the reading public with his unembarrassed account of life as an inmate of a lunatic asylum, now writes for us a story of life on the outside. It is the story of the foreign settlements which lie within our national borders, the story of the Scandinavians of the Northwest; the various Italian populations, from New York City and New England to the California wine country; the Germans of Pennsylvania and the Middle West; the Poles of the Lake cities and the various farming districts; and of assorted levels of Russians, from peasant farmers to royal exiles. It is a good subject and Mr. Seabrook likes it. But somehow he seems to be forcing his theme a little. His book protests too

He takes up the manner in which the various nationalities have reacted to America, their opinions on political changes in their own homelands, their ways of treating their divided loyalty and so on, and he seems pretty thorough. But it occurs to the reviewer that when you approach any human being as a member of a classification, be it racial, national, social, religious, or any other, you have eliminated vein, however, when it reaches the truly know a man except as a man much of his humanity. You cannot If you look upon him as a transplanted European, for example, you account of him, no matter how accurate it may be for the sociologist's purposes, suffers in humanity. And there, of course, is the great fallacy of sociology-it is a science designed to eliminate the humanity of human

> The attitude is not open in Mr. Seabrook's work, but it is strongly there in the background, and so his work is not as lively as it ought to be. But, as far as it goes, it is interesting. least of his accomplishments to date.

HELEN KELLER'S JOURNAL New York: Doubleday Doran.

THIS is Miss Keller's diary for the year which followed the death of her beloved "teacher," Anne Sullivan Macy, which occurred in 1936. The theme of the volume can best be understood from a passage in the foreword. Says that passage:

"In 'Midstream,' published when they had been together 42 years, Miss will fill the void," but it terrifies me to face the thought that this question brings to my mind. I peer with a heavy heart into the years to come. Hope's face is veiled, troubling fears awake and bruise me as they wing through the dark. I lift a tremulous prayer to God, for I should be blind and deaf in very truth if she were gone

"Anne Sullivan Macy died on October 20, 1936, leaving Miss Keller alone to answer the dread question. Yet not alone. She had Miss Polly Thomson of Glasgow, Scotland, who for 22 years had been a devoted companion to her and her teacher. Miss Thomson immediately applied for American citizenship, and a few days later the two women sailed for Scotland to find a quiet time in which to readjust their

The present volume is the story of the year in which the readjustment took place. The wonder of the work lies equally in the strength with which the miraculous author made her life anew, and the constant evidence of her sensitiveness to all kinds of beauty and to fine shades of feeling and meaning. She traveled in England and France during the fall and winter of the year, she returned to America later, crossed the continent and set sail for Japan. Throughout her crowding experiences she refers often to her teacher, but the courage and alertness with which she met her life seem in nowise dimmed by her loss. She reacts vividly to all experiences and people. The reviewer has seldom read a more moving passage than the description of her visit to the Rodin Museum, with its expression of her vivid understanding of the great sculptor's work.

WEEK'S 10 BEST SELLERS IN OTHER CITIES.

Fiction-"The Citadel," A. J Cronin; "The Dark Horse," Mau-

rice Walsh; "The Nutmeg Tree," Margery Sharp; "Northwest Passage," Kenneth Roberts; "Celia," E. H. Young. Non-fiction-"The Importance

of Living," Lin Yutang; "Louisa May Alcott," Katharine Anthony; "The Hidden Lincoln," edited by Emanuel Hertz; "Dry Guillotine, Rene Belbenoit; "Old Williams burg," William O Stevens.

CHICAGO.

Fiction - "The Citadel" "Northwest Passage"; "The Rains Came," Louis Bromfield; "The Prodigal Parents," Sinclair Lewis: 'This Proud Heart," Pearl Buck. Non-fiction-"The Importance of Living"; "Madame Curie," Eve Curie; "The Hidden Lincoln"; "Journalist's Wife," Lillian T Mowrer; "Red Star Over China,"

NEW YORK.

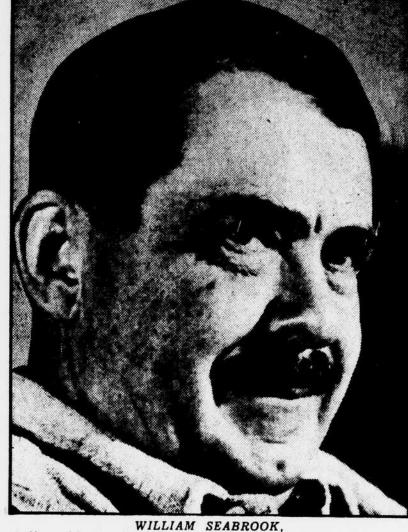
Fiction - "The Citadel" 'Northwest Passage"; "The Rains "Joseph in Egypt," Thomas Mann; "The Prodigat Parents"; "Heaken Unto Voice," Franz Werfel. Non-fiction-"Madame Curie"

The Importance of Living" "Hell on Ice," Comdr. Edward Ellsberg; "Dry Guillotine"; "How to Make Friends and Influence People," Dale Carnegie.

SAN FRANCISCO.

FICTION-"The Rain Came" "The Citadel"; "Northwest Passage"; "Winter in April," Robert Nathan; "The Prodigal Parents." Non-fiction-"Red Star Over China": "The Importance of Living"; "Hell on Ice"; "R. F. D.," Charles Allen Smart: "Madame Curie."

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Author of books of travel and adventure and of the frank personal history, "Asylum," he explores the customs of America's foreign-born citizens in his latest book, "These Foreigners." (Harcourt, Brace.)

The book is one more chapter in Delta. One boat capsized. De Long Miss Keller's heroic life and a tribute and his group reached the delta only made that life possible.

Vardis Fisher. Caxton: The Caxton Printers. SOMETHING should be done about

Prof. Vardis Fisher, his education. He is unquestionably an Earnest Soul, but he is about a decade and a half behind the times in his literary fashion. He remains just where he was when he first began to be heard of as a chap who wrote novels so "daring" that nobody would print them, which novels, on being printed (for they always were), invariably turned out to be documents proclaiming with electrified surprise that human beings have sex. Prof. Fisher seemed to have found this out a trifle late in life, and it so startled him that he simply could not get over the discovery. It took him four immense and unsurpassedly turgid theme novels to get his tidings on to paper, but he finally did. A reader might be justified in supposing, when that monument was at last set up in type, that the professor had finished with his thesis. But not so. He is at it again. Once more he steps before the world with his message—once more he unflinchingly asserts that men and women

are male and female. Now the discovery of sex is surely in the freshman course. It sometimes Keller wrote: 'I have frequently been evokes outcries from the young, but ening. go on repeating his freshman lore forever. And if he be a writer, he should keep somewhere near the spirit | of his day-unless he happens to be a writer of such masterpieces as defy all time, and this Prof. Fisher certainly is not. He is a writer of this age, if he is anything. And now he lags behind his age, setting forth the themes which were new in the Sherwood Anderson teens and twenties. And so, lagging behind his day and lacking genius to carry him outside its spirit, he seems in a bad way. As said, something ought to be done about

> His present book is a novel about people who are not honest with themselves in sex matters and so come to various kinds of grief. It is badly written and dull. The reviewer cannot think of anything else to say about it, except that it is so trite that the word "trite" seems fresh beside. Oh, somebody do something about this poor

> LOST ATLANTIS. By James Bramwell. New York: Harper & Bros. THIS curious volume is a compilation of lore concerned with the myth of a lost continent, a land which once lay where the Atlantic Ocean is today, and of which rumors have persisted with strange obstinancy through centuries of the world's his-The author has made a study of those mysterious references and has brought them together here. The result is a work which must have real fascination for students of the curious, a thing assembled for learning's sake and fit to receive the respect of all men of scholarly intent.

> It begins with the earliest known references to the lost land and carries its examination down to the most recent theories and scientific findings It then goes on to trace the part which the Atlantis has played in various literature as a symbol of human hopes and dreams. When all is said and done, the reader will have little that is solid to rest on; the Atlantis remains a misty unreality. But there is a wealth of legend, myth and lore in the work, and a wistful burden of longing, too. To ponder over it is to come close to the old conclusion that human knowledge is generally unsubstantial, and that human desire is changeless. Such books are valuable, though most certainly not for the famous "average reader."

HELL ON ICE. By Comdr. Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead

HELL ON ICE: THE SAGA OF THE JEANETTE" is the epic story of a heroic adventure, Lt. George Washington De Long's expedition in search of the North Pole by way of Bering Sea. It is a tale of intense drama, of great human sacrifice to surmount great obstacles, and of

Sixty years ago the Jeannette sailed from San Francisco, passed Alaska and entered the Arctic Ocean. Off Wrangel Island the ship was frozen in. Frozen in and drifting helplessly with the ice, the ship remained for two years. Then it was crushed and sank, but not before all escaped. Dragging their boats behind them, the men started south over the broken

It was typical of the expedition's luck that the drifting ice carried them north faster than they could work south. Afraid to tell his men lest they quit and die. De Long kept them working. He hoped that if they struggled far enough across the ice field they would come to the edge, where they could launch their boats and sail to Siberia. It might be 50 miles, it might be 500.

The drift changed. De Long reached

of unsurpassed love to the woman who to starve to death. The third group was saved by friendly natives.

Through the leader of this third FORGIVE US OUR VIRTUES. By group, George Wallace Melville, Comdr. Edward Ellsberg, using the same technique that he found so effective in "On the Bottom," tells of this almost forgotten voyage. Dug by three years' extensive research from dusty records. the story is an authentic, in fact the only authentic, account of the expedition. Our only disappointment is that Comdr. Ellsberg did not write on and tell something about the aftermaths of which he hints so darkly in the preface.-R. H. S.

> MEN ARE NOT STARS. By C. A. Millspaugh. New York: Double-

TERE is a poignant character study realize that he was not the genius he felt himself to be. Daniel O'Riordan possessed all the attributes of moment when open-season was degenius, the unbounded belief in his clared. Life, like the Readers' Digest, own capabilities and his own destirs, the utter devotion to his own course, the unlimited faith in his own vision. complete singleness of purpose, every- ment of writing is such that one faints thing but the talent without which the others are impedimenta. For many more would-be's enter the race many years, indeed until his children now being run after Life's most enreached the age of question, his genius | viable profits. went undoubted in his family. Their growing up was the ultimate cause of a personal tragedy and a great awak-

not expect a mature man, however, to cago is sketched in and made to live flooded the market until it was obwich Villagey. The mode of life of out. This salutary process, however, the eyes of one of the children. It for two reasons. is only when the child realizes the social and financial gulfs which stretch between his family and that of his schoolmates and some of the more successful artists that awakening

> This book is above the average in story interest and clarity of expression and character delineation. R. R. T. APES, MEN AND MORONS. By

Earnest A. Hooton, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the Harvard sage of anthropology clacks loudly and tells man as a large group where he will probably get off if he doesn't watch his evolutionary the dispassionate cool of an ancientbone deducer, lays out the bald cause GYPSY WATERS. By Don Waters. and effect of man's present state since the time the first little tarsier skipped out of his primeval arbor and started literally to look ahead.

As is perhaps necessary, even though not precisely practical in the strict beaten path of travel books. sense of "practical," there are large R. F. D. By Charles Allen Smart. passages given over to bone-flinging in the book, in which the significance of this bone furrow or that flattened cuspid crown is propounded with concise detail. This history must be accepted for background's sake if one cannot become enthralled over the history itself. Naturally, it has direct bearing (however scientifically indefinite) with the homo sapiens insipiens now walking about on suffering tarsals. The present physical and mental condition of humanity, which, according to Prof. Hooton, is in foul shape, not to mince words, and trending definitely substrata, undergoes

devastating defamation. And with his applied logic no one can gainsay much of his verbal dissection. Merely regard your ill-arranged or ill-conditioned dental layout, your ill-used or neglected frame for the reverse application of the "survival of the fittest" adage as effected by medical science and destructive won't be here in, say, 2838 A.D. man will put the skids on his evolutionary retrograde and find the "right"

track, wherever that may lie. The issue is up to man and as an initial searching step "Apes, Men and Morons," from this corner, is firm ground with easily traversible ter-

BEST SELLERS IN WASHING TON FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 9, 1938.

Fiction. The Prodigal Parents. Lewis Doubleday-Doran. The Citadel. Cronin. Little

The Nutmeg Tree. Sharp. Little Brown. The Rains Came. Bromfield Harpers. Today Is Yours. Loring. Little

Brown. This Proud Heart, Buck. Reynal & Hitchcock. Non-Fiction.

Persons in Hiding. Hoover. Little-Brown. Madame Curie. Curie. Doubleday-Doran.

The Importance of Living. Yutang. Reynal & Hitchcock. Folklore of Capitalism. Arnold Yale University Press. The House That Hitler Built

Red Star Over China. Snow.

tinued to appear each week. It was evident that a whole school of entrepreneurs had fixed eyes on these heart-easing and delectable profits of the Readers' and would be deterred by nothing while any cash at all remained in the office safe. So great was their threat, while they lasted. that certain serious periodicals changed their formats to agree with the prevailing pocket-size fashion,

enseless epidemic. Presently, however, the digests flatened out and simmered down. The fever was over and, happily, the casualties had been fairly severe. More digests than are needed remain, to be sure, but the peak (to talk like a sociologist) is past. The digest now is only one more "type" among the rigidly typical wares of the magazine vender. It is a mummy now, as dead as the rest of them, the brief day in which it had some originality and over and asked herself, "What next?" Alas, could she but have foreseen the

digesters.

For now we have with us the picture magazine, and it is infinitely more offensive, for it is not merely trite and obvious in purpose, but also in bad taste more often than otherwise. As to its purpose, like the digests of yesteryear, it is a copy of a pioneer in its field which has earned a fine profit there; Life, it may be said, has given the publishing copy-cats their of a man who took 25 years to inspiration this time. As for tastewhy, again like the digests, the average has declined rapidly from the is pretty good. But each successive imitation of Life is worse than the one before and the level at the moat the thought of what may follow if

one could for the late scramble among The great mass of the stuff in the other standards to apply to him. asked what I should do without her. they are customarily heard with little The story is told sensitively and the digesters. For with the latter it four which the reviewer examined— Senator Robinson comes nearer being a hero than any other character in large and answer cheerfully, "God notice. One expects them. One does are large and they are the leading four among in highly-thought-of slick-paper magning a hero than any other character in large and answer cheerfully, "God notice. One expects them. One does are large and they are the leading four among in highly-thought-of slick-paper magning a hero than any other character in large and answer cheerfully, "God notice. One expects them. One does are large and they are the leading four among a large and the large and without seeming too arty or Green- that some of them must be crowded ing on the news. One of them, for unmitigatedly trashy stuff of a level the O'Riordan family is portrayed as does not seem likely to be repeated crime committed in 1927. Is that nary undergraduate sheet, and offers a great adventure as seen through among the picture mags, and that for news? No, the editors have to think it to one of the pulps. The pulp edi-

The Country Is Being Visited With a Plague of Periodicals, Each in Worse Taste Than the One Before, Following the Spectacular Success of Life.

PICTURE MAGAZINES OFFEND-

First, with few exceptions they aim | give them joy in their labors. By M.-C. R. at producing a questionable kind of sometime ago the reviewer was very material, and, alack, the public taste severely taken to task by an editor of BOUT this time last year the reviewer, in her well-known for that seems insatiable, as witness a magazine which she had criticized disagreeable manner, was the perennial success of the fiction adversely; it was not a picture maganoting that the magazine sheets which use like stuff in stories. zine, but belonged to an almost equally stands were suffering from a horrid It would seem from that success that offensive group, that of the so-called rash of "digests," all obviously copied readers who can stand any of this "men's magazines" (a group which is after the Readers' Digest, which was trash can stand indefinite amounts of it. likewise slavishly devoted to copying making so delightfully much money. Second, they are not bound by any a successful pioneer, by the way). Digests sprang up that season indeed limitations, as were the digests, which This particular editor wrote her, comby the dozen and the score. They covered every conceivable subject only offered up resumes of articles already published, but seemingly may that she seemed not to be a conand did it badly. They were all trivial go to whatever extremes occur to their and some of them were also trashy. staffs in concocting sensational and of- around to more cocktail parties, lec-The reviewer, Jeremiah-like, lamented, fensive fillers, and if you doubt that but her sorrow at the spectacle these extremes are wide indeed, just deterred nobody. New digests contake a look at some of the fare now being offered on the stands. But if you have a family of children at home, do not take the samples which you buy back with you. Park these things finally in a trash can. They ought to feel at home in such a receptacle. The reviewer has just made a count

the now popularly sold picture magazines and she finds that she can head it up under the following classificaand remain to this day pee-wee mags tions in every one-violent accidents, as a sort of scar, memorable of that shots of people prominent in society photography and torture.

as does that of violence and distortion. portant to be covered, and so, finally, vitality being quite done. The reviewer A nice little array of mental nourishsighed with relief when the farce was ment? Will you feast your mind this week on a gallery of photos of "child brides" and their nearly senile husnew plague which was so soon to debands, or will you just look at models scend upon our periodicals, she would from the medieval torture chamber? have been a trifle gentler with the messy stuff being sold? And is there any excuse for the thinkers-up of such

self such questions as those here imagined by the reviewer. You have to ask yourself what you will use next There are, obviously, such people.

after all, since the editors of these people, substitute hero-worship for magazines must find their own ma-UNFORTUNATELY one cannot see terial in news events. Unfortunately a natural finish to this race as that is so only to the lightest degree. Lite's in such fare well out. And may heaven

menting in his opening paragraph scientious reviewer but probably "got tured at more ladies' clubs and made more dough" than if she had used honest application in her labors. He then proceeded to attack the section of the country from which he

of the material contained in four of

IF YOU want to experience a queer feeling, try to put yourself in the shoes of the editor of such a publication. There you sit, with your desk littered with material on these subjects—and visual material, too, remember-and you have to ask yourweek, too- will you take this piece of A pleasant job? Well, try to imagine yourself doing it, day in and day out, and taking a real interest in the pro- answered all possible objections. cedure. For somebody does, somewhere.

Brief Reviews of Books

AUSTRALIA ADVANCES. By David UNDERGROUND NEWS. By Oscar M. Dow. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A study of Australia largely from the economic viewpoint. Informative. THE sharp and learned tongue of THE HERMITAGE. By Stanley F.

Attractively illustrated volume on Andrew Jackson's Tennessee home, its P's and Q's. Prof. Hooton, with all history and the life led within it. Worth having.

New York: Sheridan House The story of a family which lives on a boat. Cruises of the Inland Passage, the Bahamas and the rivers and waters of Florida. Out of the

New York: W. W. Norton Co. The story of a family which went to live on an Ohio farm. Three years

of country life and what these people learned from it. U. S. 1. MAINE TO FLORIDA. Compiled by the Federal Writers' Protect of the Works Progress Admin-

istration. A book designed to tell travelers how to travel over the Federal highway

Public Library

of the National Symphony Orchestra. the Public Library presents this week the symphony. The music division politicians. You will probably find at the central building, Eighth and yourself being thankful that you K streets N.W., has many volumes on all phases of musical art and produc-Anyway, the author is hopeful that tion, biographies of musicians, musical compositions and scores. Practically all of this material may be borrowed for home or group use. "Evenings With the Victrola" are held on alternate Mondays during the winter concert season.

> On music-"The Pursuit of Music. by Sir Henry Walford Davies: "A History of Musical Thought," by Donald N. Ferguson: "Science and Music," by Sir James Jean; "A Little Night Music," by Gerald W. Johnson; "Discoveries of a Music Critic," by Paul Rosenfeld; "The Magic World of Music." a music book for the young of all ages, by Olga Samaroff Stokowski; "The Music Manual," by Olga Samaroff Stokowski, and "Of Men and Music." by Deems Taylor.

> On the art of listening-" Musical Companion," a guide to the understanding and enjoyment of music, edited by John Erksine; "Listener's Music," by Leland Hall; "Music on the Air," by Hazel Gertrude Kinscella; "Listening to Music," by Douglas Moore, and "What We Hear in Music," a course of study in music appreciation and history, by Mrs. Anne Shaw Oberndorfer. On symphonies-"Symphonic Mas-

> terpieces," by Olin Downes; "A Book of the Symphony," by B. H. Haggin; "A Guide to Symphonic Music," by W. Otto Miessner; "The Victor Book of the Symphony," by Charles O'Connell; "Great Symphonies," how to recognize and remember them, by Sig

E. Millard. New York: Robert M.

McBride & Co. The history of the famous newspaper La Libre Belgique, which was thrilling adventure.

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ical years of the World War. Informative. REVOLT U. S. A. By Lamar Middleton. New York: Stackpole Sons. The histories of the various rebelions which have taken place in Ameri- the more convinced does she become

stantly going on in the mind of mod- been banned from sale. ern man. Somewhat heavy for lay- seems to agree with her, and, happily men, one fears. Social Questions.

RETREAT FROM REASON. By Lancelot T. Hogben. New York:

A none-too-sparing criticism of curguage which will appeal to the social the plain reader to sleep. Enlighten-YOUTH IN THE TOILS. By Leonard V. Harrison and Pryor Mc-Neill Grant. New York: The Mac-

millan Co. A study of the delinquency problem in New York. Authoritative. THIS IS OUR WORLD. By Paul B. Sears. Norman: University

A sort of synthesis of the sciences. ncluding the pseudo-sciences of sociology and economics. How to live on the earth, in other words. Or onmore remedy. All right if you like grandiose generalities.

Juvenile FROM LITTLE ACORNS. By Jewell Joy Bader and Maurice M. Korn Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co. A collection of plays for juveniles Useful to teachers.

STORY PICTURES NEIGHBORS. By John Y. Beaty. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co. The needs of a community, in terms

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Gardens. CHINESE GARDENS. By Dorothy Graham. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

Study of the types of gardens beonging to each historic period of China. Attractively illustrated and informative. IN OUR COUNTRY GARDEN. By

imagined the reviewer to hail, apparently in an amazingly childlike

notion of "getting back" at her, and, in subsequent correspondence, he dealt in personalities and profanity, rather more freely than even a most casual informality would allow to be profes-THE reviewer held his letters in her

hand a long time before consignwith notes on personal life, shots of ing them finally to the file marked theatrical people, shots of politicians, "Curious Exhibits." They seemed to pseudo-science pictures, generally with her a heaven-sent vindication of her unpleasant physical connotations, ex- long-held contention that much of our treme or unnatural aspects of sex, magazine publication today is no betnudity, violent or sensational shots of ter than a racket, and that it is very physical details, crime, puzzles or tests, frequently in the hands of persons legs, fashions, sports, gambling, sala- who are devoid of taste, education or cious cartoons, night clubs, pseudo-art common instincts toward good usages. She would have liked very much to Needless to say, the nudity motif publish that strange correspondence. runs through the whole classification, But there were other matters more imshe put it away, in the place of which she has told you.

She mentions this man's scurrility now, however, since the question of editorial responsibility naturally comes up. She recalls that, throughout his Now, is there any earthly need for such correspondence, he angrily reiterated that she had to be wrong in her estimate of his periodical (she had called vulgar) because, said he, it had on its list of contributors some very eminent names.

These writers published stuff everywhere, he implied, and so, he likewise implied, what they wrote for him must be irreproachable. It was a queer sort of reasoning. What they wrote for him was not irreproachable, and that, to any ordinary reasoning, would seem to settle the matter. But he fell back on the old editorial cry (to which the vileness or will you choose another? reviewer referred in these columns last week), "But So-And-So Did it!" And he honestly seemed to think that that

national habit of accepting any one You may reply, however, that this who has once arrived as forever after brain-beating will not be necessary infallible. By this habit do we, as a thought. The standard of success of course, determines the hero, and once the hero is made, we seem to have no So-And-So has published 20 stories

It all appears to get back to our lazy

azines. So-And-So ther example, devotes six full pages to a of taste which would offend an orditor buys it happily. When a reviewer elsewhere comments on its complete nastiness, he is hurt and amazed. It cannot be bad stuff, he cries, for So-And-So wrote it! And So-And-So makes \$50,000 a year! And So-And-So is in the slicks! Ergo: Your reviewer is mad, she does not know what she is writing about.

BUT your reviewer does not give a tuppenny for So-And-So's income, wooden nickel for the slicks. She will run by a group of Belgian patriots grant that So-And-So wrote masterly during the German occupation of stuff for them, provided that he did their country. Heroic story, full of (though probably he didn't), but she will not see anything else that he BRITISH WAR MISSIONS TO THE wrote in the light of that masterly UNITED STATES, 1914-1918. By stuff, or in any light, for that matter. but its own. And she is not mad and The history of the surprisingly large she does, most emphatically, know

She judges writing by the standards which apply to writing, and not by Bradstreet's rating of the writer. And the more time she spends judging what appears in current magazines. ca from Bacon's to the Pullman strike. that those magazines' editors know nothing of standards of writing-do not know even that such standards MIND IN TRANSITION. By Joseph exist—but use only the one great K. Hart. New York: Covici Friede. national standard of hero-worship . . A study of the struggle between Well, this particular reviewer was not the scientific and social thought proc- a little amused to learn this week esses and the primitive, as the author that recent issues of the magazine conceives this struggle to be con- edited by her late correspondent had

somebody with power.

the picture magazines. They can point to Life and cry, "Life Does It." and, perhaps (though it seems a very large perhaps at that) they can hon rent social trends, couched in lan- estly believe that a picture is a picture and that nothing more enters in tudent, but which will probably put They are on the trail of success, of a magazine hero, you observe. And their starry little eves can see naught else. It may be, indeed, that such a sweet innocence governs them. But if it does, then they, in their enthusiastic pursuit, are in need of some kind of regulation, for it is not safe to allow babes to play with poison in the pantry, no matter how earnest they may be at their happy games. The reviewer suggests a governing board composed of literary critics. And now

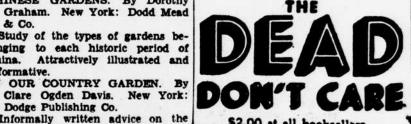
let her erstwhile correspondent go

aside and quietly burst with rage.

Thus it would seem to be, too, with



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